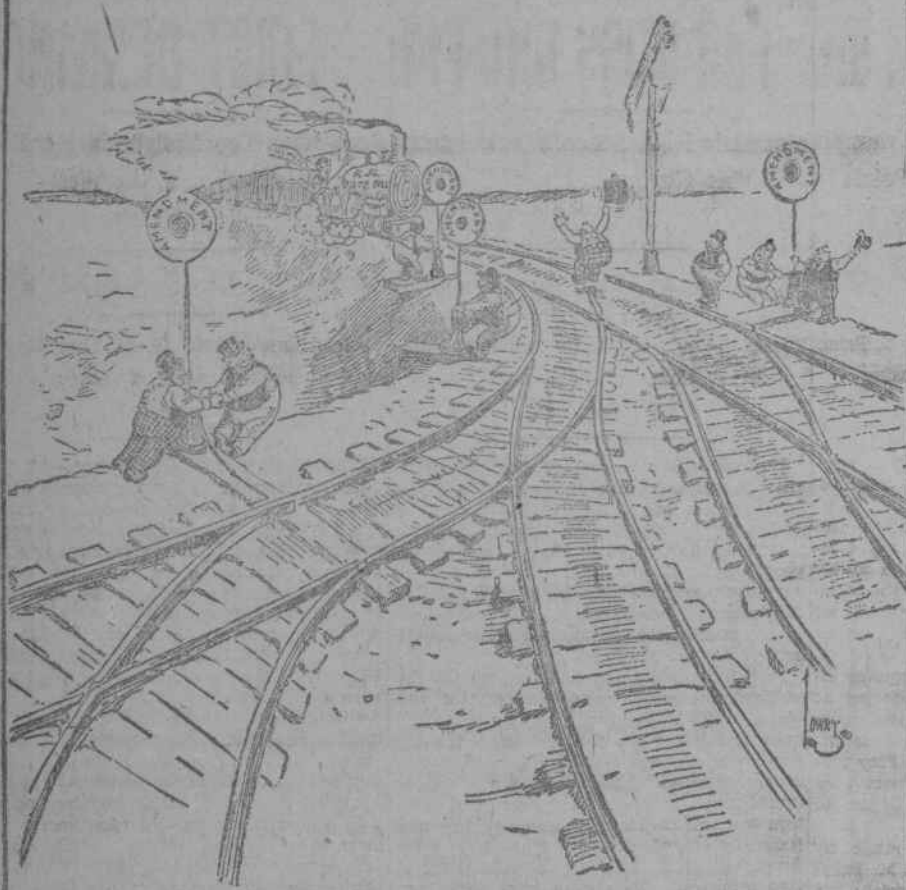


HUMOROUS SIDE OF AMERICAN LIFE AS SEEN BY THE WEEK'S CARTOONISTS

A BUSY DAY IN THE SENATE SWITCHYARD.



From The Chicago Chronicle.

THE PIPES OF PAN.



From The San Francisco Call.

"Tis the last rose of Summer, left blooming alone;
All its lovely companions are faded and gone."

From The New Orleans Times Democrat.

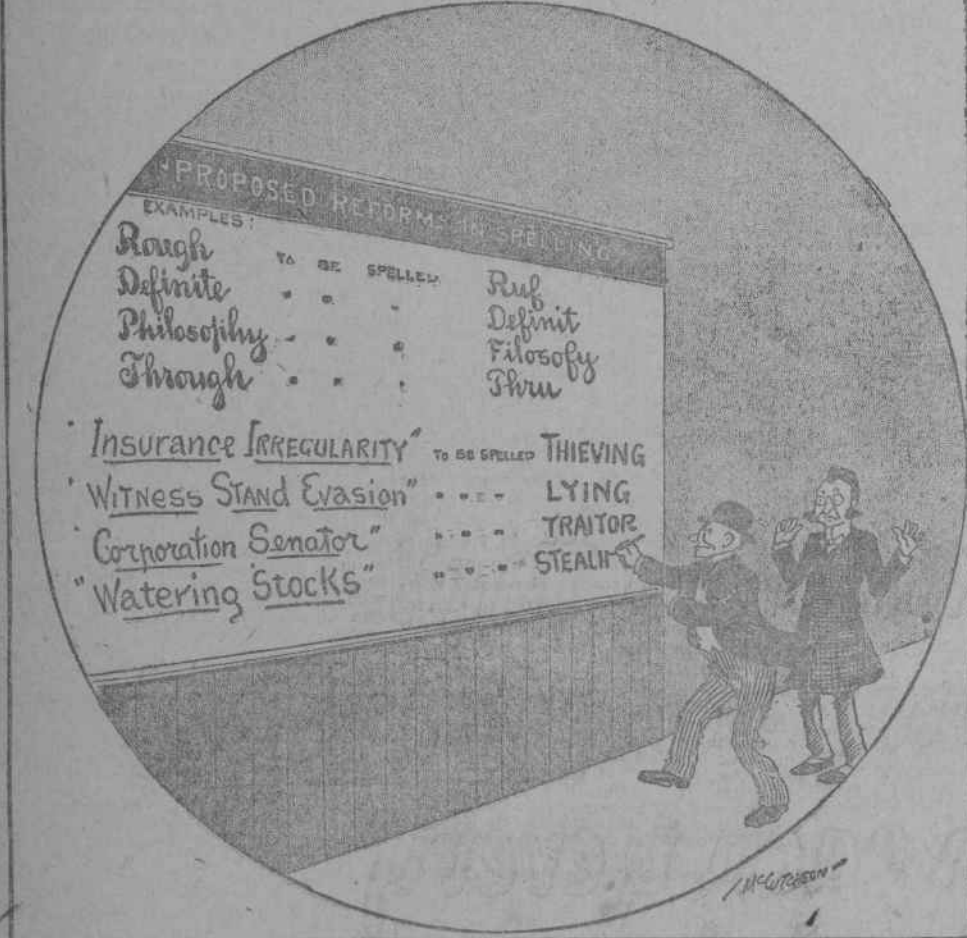
BROUGHT TO BAY.



UNCLE JOE—"By jingo! You're not the only fellow 'round here whose dignity must be respected."

From The Register And Reader.

HERE, PROFESSOR, ARE SOME MORE MUCH NEEDED REFORMS IN SPELLING.



From The Chicago Daily Tribune.

THE AGE BILL IN THE SENATE.

From The Washington Post.



SENT TO THE BENCH.

From The Washington Post.

THE SUPREME BENCH THAT MUST DECIDE—



WHETHER, AFTER ALL, THE OTHER SUPREME COURT WAS RIGHT AS TO THE OWNERSHIP OF THE STREETS.

From The Chicago Daily News.



They may talk about the 'yellow dog,' but the yellow dog is a dog of courage and loyalty.—Judge Andrew Hamilton, legislative agent of the New York Life Insurance Company.

From The Chicago Chronicle.



From The Birmingham Age-Herald.

Town Puzzled by a Man Hugger

"Jack" in Skirts Pounces on Her Victims in Dark, Squeezes Them and Runs Away.

MARRIED WOMEN INDIGNANT

Walking About Alone Late at Night a Favorite Pastime of Cedar Rapids Husbands.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Saturday.—There is a woman "Jack the Hugger" loose in this city—one who waits around in dark places and at opportune moments jumps out, grabs some unsuspecting and unprotected young man and hugs him until he fairly screams with delight, after which she speeds away in the darkness and disappears.

pears before the astonished and thrilled citizen, can forever his breath and equilibrium. While the actions of "Miss Jack" have created consternation, yet the entire male portion of the population of the city has taken to walking around in dark, alone, at night. The police have been unable to effect an arrest, to the delight of the men and the chagrin and indignation of the women. In fact, it is even hinted that several policemen, walking their beats on dark nights, have been attacked by the "hugger," who took advantage of their unprotected state and gave them several first class squeezes.

Within the last week every business house in town, practically, has found it convenient to remain open until a late hour, and dozens of professional men haven't their offices long after dark. And many wives have noted that whereas their husbands formerly returned from their clubs accompanied by neighboring husbands, they now return alone, each returning by himself—and some of the more jealous dressed, uses violet perfume and certainly is "on to her job." The first mention of the affair was heard one evening when one of a dinner party told of a remarkable experience which befell him several nights ago. Then the tale became pub-

lic property, and it was found that similar occurrences were taking place nightly in different parts of the city. And now when a man comes home late his wife "whiffs" around him for an odor of violets—and who unto him if his coat bear the faintest suggestion of anything like violets.

"Miss Jack" is neither a respecter of persons nor of age. It's all one to her, just so it's a man. Young men and middle aged ones have "suffered" in the same manner. Musicians or whippers, or the lack of either or both, cuts no figure—a man is not safe.

The woman is always heavily veiled and she has made no effort to kiss any of the "martyrs" whom she has attacked. The boys all say she is pretty, but none of them has seen her face—not the least little bit of it. She simply jumps out from a dark alley, or from behind a tree, throws her arms impulsively around the man's neck, gazes up as close as an expert considers "about right," hugs for dear life for a minute, turns loose and runs away in the darkness. There have been no attempts at robbery or anything of the kind. It's simply a good hug the woman wants, the boys say.

Conjecture as to her identity and reasons for her strange conduct are of course rife. Some who have not come in contact with the hunger intimate that "she" is really a man disguised as a woman, but those who have met her say that no man can hug like that; they say she is a woman without a doubt.

At an indignation meeting held in a fashionable portion of the town several nights ago by the females (no men took part) it was determined to hunt down "Miss Jack," and the women are now casting about for the best means of doing so. It is conceded that no help can be expected from the Police Department, and the men will not make any attempt whatever to help the women in their dilemma. It was suggested that a number of wives dress up in their husbands' clothes and parade the streets late at night, but this will make it necessary for the women to be out alone, and both arms impulsively around the man's neck, gaze up as close as an expert considers "about right," hugs for dear life for a minute, turns loose and runs away in the darkness. There have been no attempts at robbery or anything of the kind. It's simply a good hug the woman wants, the boys say.

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